THE ALL-ACTION COMIC
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WARHAMMER
MONTHLY
ISSUE 75
$3.50 US
£2.50 UK
ISSN 1461-2089
WHERE EAGLES DARE
LAST STAND ON YAYOR

BRIEFINGS

LAST STAND ON YAYOR The votes have been counted and the fate of Yayor has been decided – read on to find out if the forces of the Imperium prevail or if it's Abaddon who has the last laugh.

Script: Gordon Rennie • Art: Karl Richardson • Letters: Fiona Stephenson *www.eyeofterror.com*

DARKBLADE Darkblade has returned! At the head of a great army, and under a banner of blood, he rides forth into the lands of Ulthuan. He brings war, but will fate bring victory?

Script: Dan Abnett • Art: Kev Hopgood • Letters: Fiona Stephenson *www.blacklibrary.com/darkblade*

BLADE MASTER With Oarkblade's fourth book of treacherous adventure well underway, Black Library inquisitors were despatched to extract sensitive information from the mind of artist Kev Hopgood.

KAL JERICO Kal's back, with Wotan in tow, and ready to pick up where he left off. Scabbs and Yolanda may have other ideas however.

Script: Gordon Rennie • Art: Dylan Teague • Letters: Fiona Stephenson

TITAN Thrust through the reality bending Warp, the crew of the Imperius Oictatio find themselves trapped on a bizarre alien world. (*For the full Titan back story visit www.blacklibrary.com/titan*)

Script: Dan Abnett • Art: Anthony Williams • Letters: Fiona Stephenson

This issue is dedicated to
our much-missed colleague,
Steve Hambrook.

1970–2003

Publisher: Marc Gascoigne
Editor: Christian Dunn
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Cover 'Eye of Terror' by Karl Richardson

Warhammer Monthly daring issue 75, December 2003
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Product code: 6071 0299 049
Email: publishing@games-workshop.co.uk • Web: www.blacklibrary.com

GW barcode

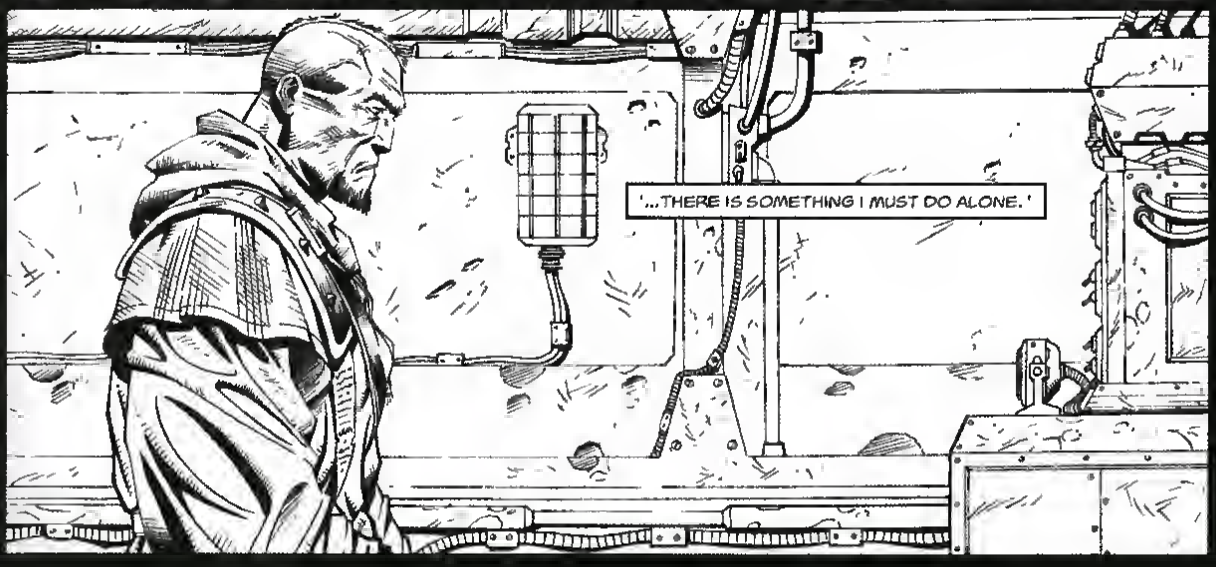
5 011921 928293 >

BL PUBLISHING

YAYOR. WHERE THE FORCES OF THE IMPERIUM PREPARE TO MEET THE FINAL ASSAULT OF THE CHAOS ARMY BESIEGING THE PLANET'S LAST SURVIVING SETTLEMENT
HOLD FAST! THEY'RE THROUGH THE GATES!
LAST STAND ON YAYOR
PART FOUR
EYE OF TERROR
STORY: GORDON RENNIE . ART: KARL RICHARDSON
LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON
STAND YOUR GROUND AND COMMEND YOUR SOULS TO THE EMPEROR. WE FIGHT ON TO THE LAST MAN AND LAST DROP OF BLOOD
THE DOOM EAGLES AND SETTLEMENT DEFENDERS FIGHT BRAVELY, BUT FOR EVERY CHAOS ATTACKER THEY KILL, MORE COME FORWARD TO TAKE THEIR PLACE..
...THE END WHEN IT COMES IS NEVER REALLY IN DOUBT.
CAPTAIN COMNENUS-!
SHRAAK

SAVE YOUR PRAYERS, PRIEST... I AM ADEPTUS ASTARTES, A DOOM EAGLE MY SOUL WAS PREPARED LONG AGO
THE DAY IS LOST... THIS WORLD IS LOST... ALL THAT MATTERS NOW IS THAT ITS LOSS DOES NOT BENEFIT THE EMPEROR'S ENEMIES.
RUN, PRIEST! IF WE CANNOT SAVE YAYOR, THEN WE CAN STILL PREVENT OTHERS FROM SUFFERING THE SAME FATE!
DO WHAT MUST BE DONE... GET TO THE COMMUNICATIONS ARRAY AND GIVE THE ORDER TO MY SHIP.
YES! COME, CHAOS FILTH. COME FIND OUT HOW A DOOM EAGLE FACES HIS DEATH.

CONFESSOR, WHAT'S HAPPENING...!?
THE ENEMY ARE WITHIN THE WALLS. WAIT HERE AND STAND GUARD...


'...THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST DO ALONE.'

TWELVE YEARS HE HAS SERVED HERE AS A PREACHER OF THE IMPERIAL FAITH. BEFORE THAT, OVER THIRTY YEARS IN THE IMPERIAL GUARD.
HE IS NO NAIVE FOOL. HE KNOWS WHAT THE SERVANTS OF CHAOS DO TO THOSE WORLDS THAT FALL TO THEM.

AND YET THIS WORLD HAS BEEN A *HAVEN* TO HIM. OFFERING HIM A CHANCE OF A NEW AND MORE PRODUCTIVE EXISTENCE AFTER A LIFETIME OF WAR AND BLOODSHED. ITS INHABITANTS ARE GOOD PEOPLE, HONEST AND FAITHFUL SERVANTS OF THE EMPEROR.

HOW CAN HE BETRAY THEM? HOW CAN HE DESTROY ALL THAT BOTH HE AND THEY HAVE WORKED TO ACHIEVE HERE ON YAYOR?
AND THEN HE REMEMBERS THE SPACE MARINE'S WORDS...

IF WE FAIL HERE, THE CONTAGION WHICH HAS TAKEN ROOT HERE WILL SPREAD. THIS ENTIRE SYSTEM WILL BE LOST TO THE IMPERIUM...
YOUR PEOPLE WILL BECOME MINDLESS PLAGUE CREATURES, SPREADING THE INFECTION TO OTHER WORLDS.
I CANNOT ALLOW THAT TO HAPPEN.
SPANG
SPANG
NO. NOW HE KNOWS WHAT HE HAS TO DO. THE FATE OF ONE LIFE - OF ONE WORLD, EVEN, WITH MILLIONS OF LIVES UPON IT - IS AS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE FATE OF THE ENTIRE IMPERIUM OF MANKIND.
CONFESSOR POLTOVA TO SPACE MARINE VESSEL. COMMAND CODE EX INFERNIS...
MISSION ORDER IS EXTERMINATUS...
REPEAT, EXTERMINATUS!

ITS NAME WAS YAYOR. A SPARSELY-POPULATED BUT PRODUCTIVE AGRI-WORLD IN THE CADIA SECTOR. IT WAS FIRST SETTLED OVER TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO, IN THE TIME BEFORE THE AGE OF STRIFE.
IN A FEW MOMENTS, AS VIRUS BOMBS AND CYCLONIC TORPEDOES SWEEP ALL LIFE FROM ITS SURFACE, ALL THIS BECOMES ***HISTORY***...
...JUST A FEW LOST AND FORGOTTEN STATISTICS BURIED IN THE VAST ARCHIVES OF THE ***ADEPTUS ADMINISTRATUM*** ON FAR-DISTANT TERRA.
JUST ONE SMALL, INSIGNIFICANT WORLD. BUT, IN THIS WAR, AS THE EYE OF TERROR BLINKS OPEN AND THE FORCES OF CHAOS RAVAGE THE WORLDS OF THE IMPERIUM, THE FATE OF YAYOR MAY YET DETERMINE THE FATE OF BILLIONS...
THE END

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Dan Abnett • Karl Richardson

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Darkblade
Book IV: Banner of Blood
Part Three
I THOUGHT YOU WOULD BE PLEASED, MALEKITH MY MASTER.
PLEASED YOU LITTLE WRETCH?
YOUR ARMY TEARS ITS WAY THROUGH THE ANNULI, WHILE MINE IS DRIVEN BACK FROM THE PHOENIX GATE? IT SHAMES ME!
Script: Dan Abnett Art: Kev Hopgood
MY VICTORY WAS WON IN YOUR NAME, WITCH KING.
AND SURELY IT REFLECTS WELL ON YOUR WISDOM?
HOW SO, DARKBLADE?
YOU CHOSE ME TO COMMAND THE SECOND FRONT.
YES. YES, THAT OF COURSE.
SO COME! CONFIRM MY WISDOM IN PLACING TRUST IN YOU, DRACHAU OF HAG GRAEF....
...HOW WOULD YOU TAKE THE PHOENIX GATE?

WITH THE *SAME* WEAPONS I USED TO RIP OPEN THE ANNULI PASSES, LORD.
DECEIT AND *TREACHERY*.
THE WITCH KING LISTENS AS MALUS DARKBLADE LAYS OUT HIS SCHEME...
...WHILE IN THE CAMP, THE ARMIES OF NAGGAROTH READY FOR THE *NEXT* BATTLE.
ONE SECTION OF DARKBLADE'S HOST HAS ALREADY SUFFERED *MORE* THAN MOST...
...THE ENSLAVED WARRIORS OF *NAGGOR*
THESE BROKEN WARRIORS OF THE ONCE-GREAT BLACK ARK ARE DRIVEN BY DARKBLADE'S CRUEL SLAVE MASTER *KUNOR KUNOLL'S SON*.
THEIR *FATE* IS TO BE USED AS *BAIT* AND *SHIELD-WALL FODDER* ON THE FIELD OF WAR.
BRAGATH BLYTE AND *DERONEN THE WOE* ARE THE WAR LEADERS OF THE PERSECUTED NAGGORITES, AND THEIR RAGE IS *GREAT*...
MAY A THOUSAND CURSES *SHRIVEL* DARKBLADE'S SOUL!
OUR SPEARMEN DO NOT *DESERVE* THIS WRETCHED FATE!

TRUE ENOUGH, BRAGATH! MY HEART SPLITS TO SEE SUCH WASTING OF NAGGORITE BLOOD!
BUT WHAT MAY WE DO?
DO, DERONEN? WE DO WHAT ANY DRUCHII MAY DO TO MAKE HIS OWN DESTINY!
WE KILL.
DARKBLADE?
EVEN HE!
WE WOULD NEVER GET CLOSE ENOUGH! AND EVEN IF WE DID SUCCEED, RETRIBUTION WOULD FALL ON THE HEADS OF EVERY NAGGORITE!
AYE... UNLESS WE BIND A FRIEND TO OUR CAUSE.
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?
SILAR THORNBLOOD. OF ALL THE SONS OF HAG GRAEF, HE IS THE MOST NOBLE AND MOST FAIR. YOU CAN SEE IN HIS EYES THAT HE HATES WHAT IS BEING DONE TO US.
AND IF MALUS WAS DEAD, SURELY SILAR WOULD BE HIS MOST LIKELY SUCCESSOR?
WE MUST DRAW HIM APART AND-
HIST! THE MONSTER COMES!

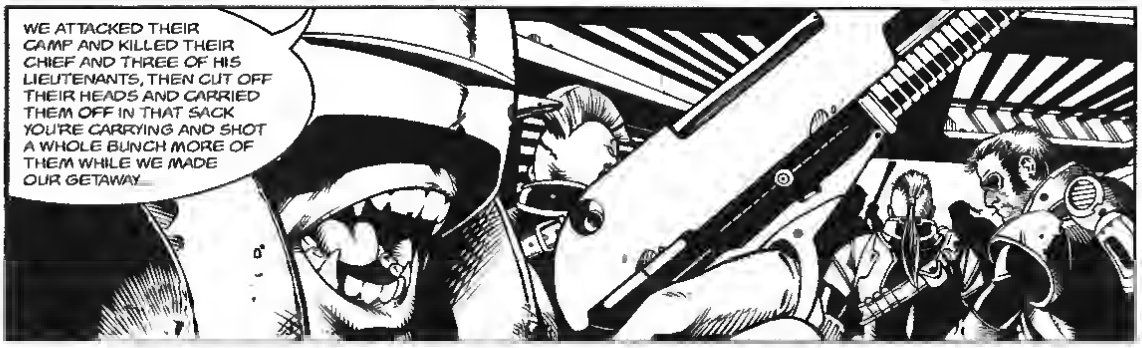
FILTH OF NAGGOR! AN HONOUR FALLS TO YOU THIS DAY!
YOU WILL CARRY THE WAR BANNER OF MALEKITH, AND IN HIS NAME LEAD THE ATTACK ON THE PHOENIX GATE!
AT DAWN, THE HOST ADVANCES UNDER THE WITCH KING'S BANNER.
WHIPPED ON BY KUNOR KUNOL'S SON, IT MOVES WITH URGENCY.
GET ON, YOU DOGS! GET ON TO GLORY!
TO THE FORCES OF ULTHUAN, IT APPEARS THAT MALEKITH HAS COMMITTED HIS FORCES TO A SECOND ASSAULT AT THE PHOENIX GATE.

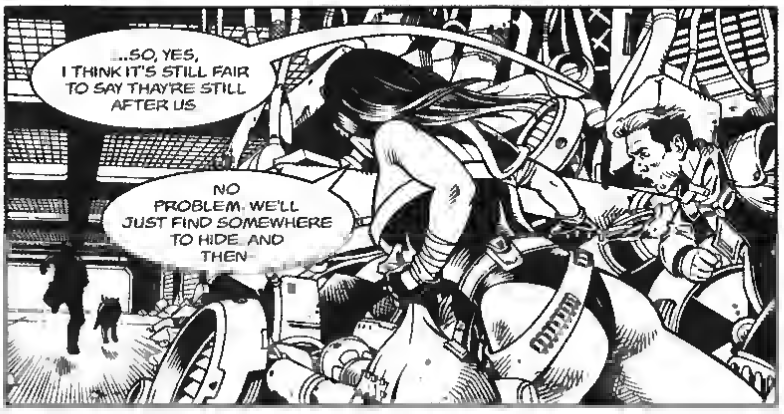
AT ONCE, MESSAGES ARE SENT ALONG THE RING MOUNTAINS...
...AND HIGH ELVES FROM THE DRAGON GATE ADVANCE TO REINFORCE THE VITAL FORTRESS OF THE PHOENIX

BUT THE SIZE OF KUNOR'S SLAVE HOST HAS BEEN EXAGGERATED BY THE SORCERY OF THE LADY ELDIRE...
...AND MALEKITH'S REAL FORCE, THE COMBINED ARMIES OF DARKBLADE AND THE WITCH KING, NOW REVEALS ITSELF...
NOW, LET THE SIGNAL BE GIVEN.
BARRROOOOOO!
THE BLAST OF WAR IS SOUNDED!
MAKE READY!

ATTACK!
...AND FALLS UPON THE WEAKENED DEFENCES OF THE DRAGON GATE!
NEXT:
ULTHUAN TREMBLES!

KAL JERICO in HOMECOMING
ARE THEY STILL CHASING US?
WELL, LEMME SEE...
STORY: GORDON RENNIE · ART: DYLAN TEAGUE · LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

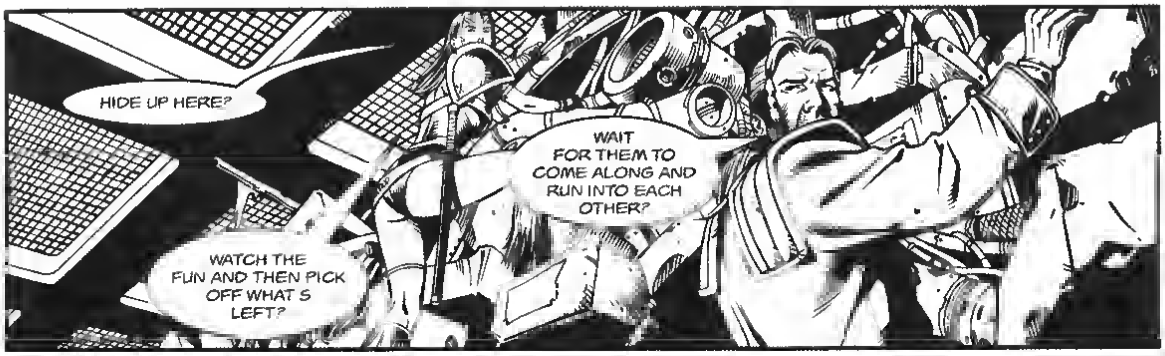

WE ATTACKED THEIR CAMP AND KILLED THEIR CHIEF AND THREE OF HIS LIEUTENANTS, THEN CUT OFF THEIR HEADS AND CARRIED THEM OFF IN THAT SACK YOU'RE CARRYING AND SHOT A WHOLE BUNCH MORE OF THEM WHILE WE MADE OUR GETAWAY...


...SO, YES, I THINK IT'S STILL FAIR TO SAY THAY'RE STILL AFTER US
NO PROBLEM. WE'LL JUST FIND SOMEWHERE TO HIDE. AND THEN-

WHAAAAM

JERICO-!
YOLANDA...?
NICE DOGGY. . ERM, KAL, LITTLE BIT OF HELP NEEDED HERE, IF YOU DON'T MIND...

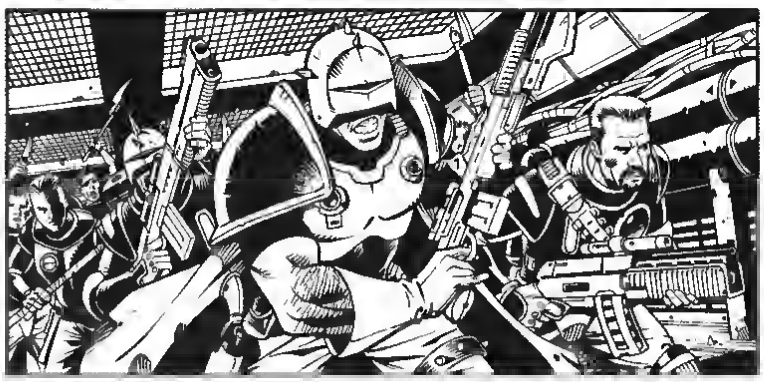
I HEARD YOU WERE BACK...
AND I HEARD YOU'D TAKEN UP BOUNTY HUNTING. I DIDN'T REALISE YOU'D FOUND YOURSELF A NEW PARTNER, THOUGH.
YEAH, WELL WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO, KAL? YOU WERE OFF-WORLD WITH YOUR FANCY NEW IMPERIUM FRIENDS.
BESIDES, SHE AIN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO'S GOT THEMSELVES A NEW PARTNER
YOU MEAN WOTAN? HE'S MORE OF A FAMILY HEIRLOOM, REALLY.
A VAST IMPROVEMENT ON MY LAST PARTNER, THOUGH. HE DOESN'T SMELL, HE DOESN'T COMPLAIN AND HE DOESN'T FOUL THE FLOOR OF THE SUMP HOLE NEARLY AS MUCH AS YOU USED TO.
I'D LOVE TO STAY AROUND AND MAYBE TRY AND KILL YOU, JERICO, BUT WE'RE ON A JOB AND WE'VE REALLY GOT TO BE GOING.
WOULDN'T GO THAT WAY IF I WERE YOU...
I'M ON A JOB TOO A LARGE GANG OF OUTLAW ORLOCK GANGERS, THAT'S WHY I WAS RUNNING THIS WAY.
WHAT ABOUT YOU?
SCAVVIES, LOTS OF THEM. REAL ANGRY ONES, TOO.


HIDE UP HERE?
WAIT FOR THEM TO COME ALONG AND RUN INTO EACH OTHER?
WATCH THE FUN AND THEN PICK OFF WHAT S LEFT?

EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKING.
PARTNERS THEN? JUST FOR THIS JOB? NO DOUBLE-CROSSING?

EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKING.

HERE THEY COME!
SAME THIS WAY...



OH SCAV, THIS IS GOING TO BE MESSY...

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, BOYS...?
LET'S GET STUCK IN!
HELMAWR'S RUMP, WHERE'S SHE GOING...!?
OH, SHE'S COMPLETELY NUTS, DIDN'T I TELL YOU? SHE DOES THIS KIND OF THING ALL THE TIME. THERE WAS ONE TIME SHE-
KAL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING...?
WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE?
I'M PROTECTING MY REPUTATION - IF ANYONE'S GOING TO DO THIS KIND OF THING, IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE ME!

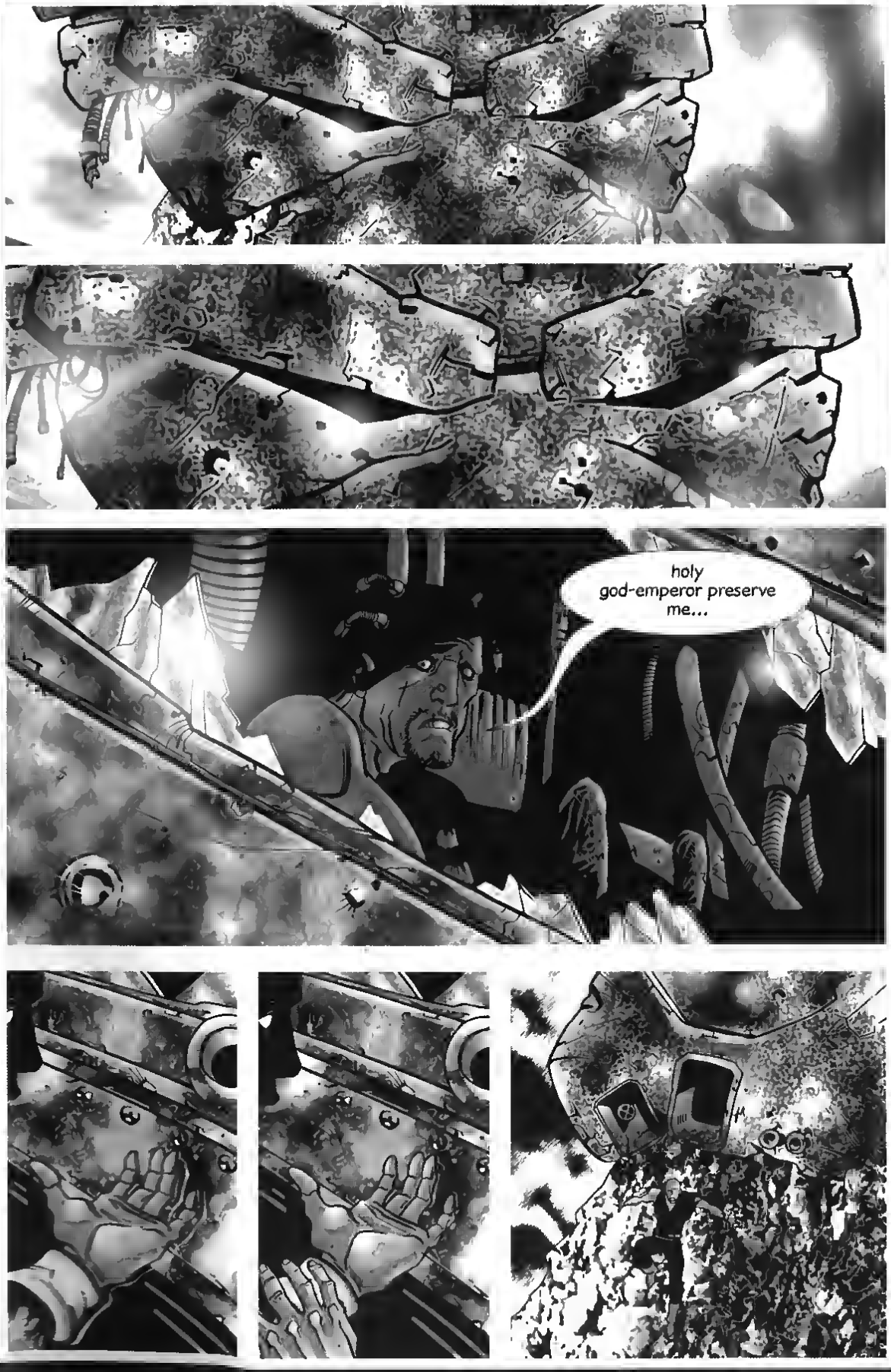
PLENTY OF OUTSTANDING BOUNTY WARRANTS LYING ABOUT HERE - LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO NEED *MORE SACKS.*
YES, NOT A BAD HAUL, EVEN SPLIT *THREE WAYS.*
WE KEEP THE PARTNERSHIP GOING THEN? FOR THE TIME BEING?
EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKING...
YOU DON'T ACTUALLY *TRUST* HER?
OF COURSE NOT...
BUT AT LEAST THIS WAY I KNOW WHERE SHE'S GOING TO BE AND I CAN KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON HER.
KAL JERICO WILL RETURN NEXT YEAR

TITAN

OMNISSIAH

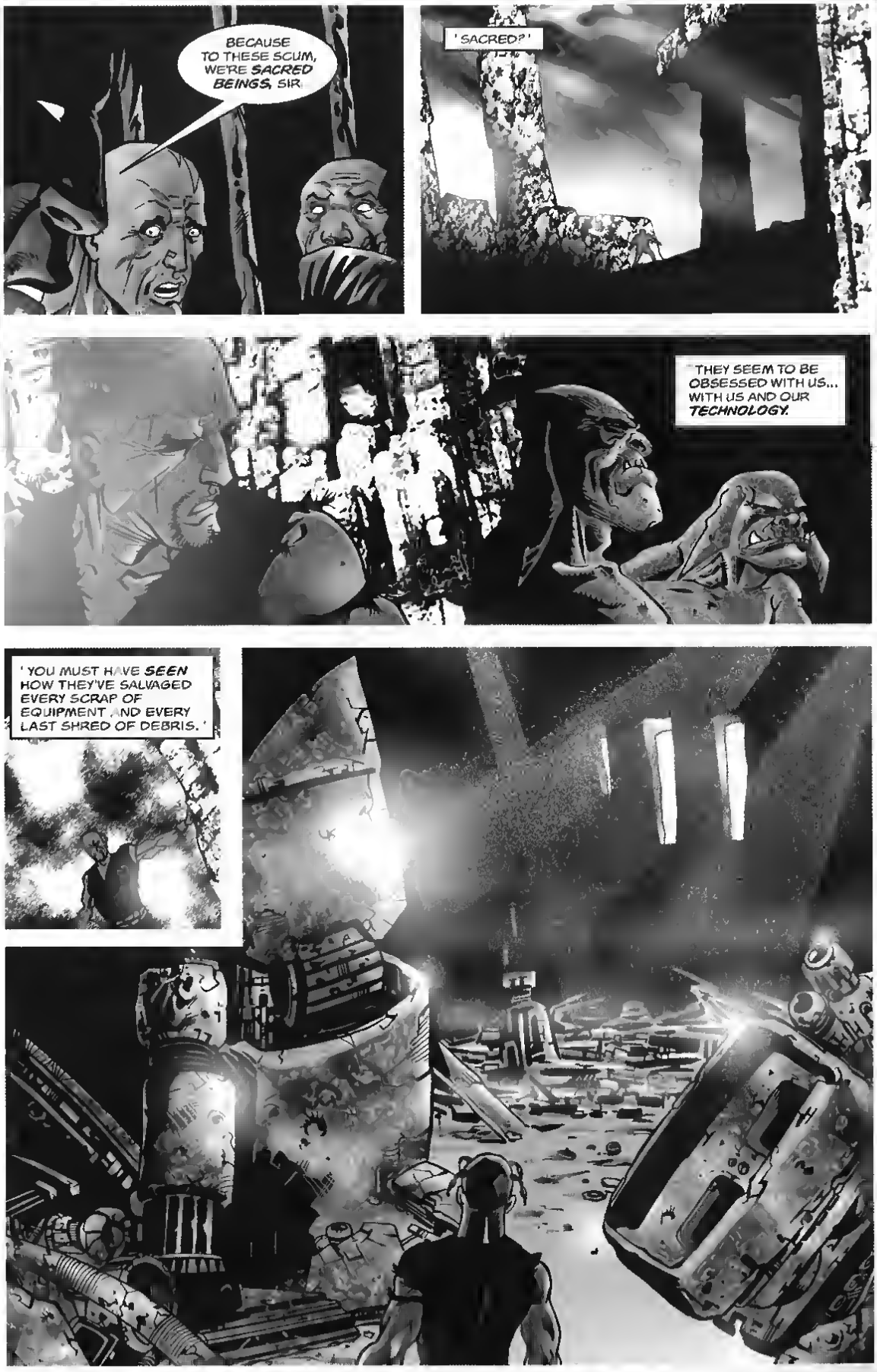
PART SIX

STORY: DAN ABNETT • ART ANTHONY WILLIAMS • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON


holy
god-emperor preserve
me...

' ZYGO? DEAD, MOST LIKELY. IF SO, I HOPE IT WAS QUICK... '
...BECAUSE I'VE GOT A FEELING, MODERATE, IT WON'T BE FOR US.
I DIE WHEN I DIE. IN THE EMPEROR'S NAME. DOESN'T MATTER HOW.
I'LL REMIND YOU OF THAT WHEN THEY'RE FLAYING OUR SKINS OFF, VOSS.
KLANG-KLANG-KLANG-KLANG!
ZURUK!
UGHN!
GNG!

FLANGGGGG!
MODERATI VOSS?
CHIEF ENGINEER?
GANDERS? MUNITION ADEPT GANDERS?
THAT YOU, MAN?
YES, SIR. ME, SOME OF THE OTHERS FROM DICTATIO. AND MEN FROM OTHER TITANS TOO.
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE?
IN THIS CAGE, SIX WEEKS, AS BEST AS I CAN RECKON IT.
ON THIS HELL-WORLD... FOUR MONTHS.
OTHERS HAVE BEEN HERE YEARS. OR DAYS. IT... MAKES NO SENSE.
NEITHER DOES THE FACT THEY'VE KEPT US ALIVE.
THEY SHOWED NO MERCY HUNTING US. WHY WOULD THEY SPARE US NOW?


BECAUSE TO THESE SCUM, WE'RE SACRED BEINGS, SIR.
'SACRED?'
THEY SEEM TO BE OBSESSED WITH US... WITH US AND OUR TECHNOLOGY.
'YOU MUST HAVE SEEN HOW THEY'VE SALVAGED EVERY SCRAP OF EQUIPMENT, AND EVERY LAST SHRED OF DEBRIS.'

'THEY SWEEP THE JUNGLE... HUNTING FOR ANY PIECES OF THE TITANS THAT HAVE ... ARRIVED HERE...
'EVEN IF THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IT'S FOR, THEY COLLECT IT.
'WHY, GANDERS? DO THEY THINK WE'RE GODS FALLEN FROM SOME KIND OF HEAVEN?
CLK-CLK!
'JUST ABOUT, SIR. THE TITANS AT LEAST.'
EMPEROR SAVE ME!

NEXT: PEOPLE OF THE WAR-GOD